

NO. 15.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM OREGON

"Your flag is beautiful; I like the historic reminiscences it calls forth, and I hope that with this other glorious emblem," bowing his head to the stars and stripes, "you will prove that your sunburst is not moonshine."

INVESTIGATOR.

—♦—

A HOUSEMAID was sent to call a gentleman to breakfast, and found him using his tooth-brush. "Is he coming?" inquired the lady of the servant. "Yes, mam," was the reply, "he's just a-sharpening his teeth."

Having been the first in this State to investigate and proclaim modern Spiritualism, and the only

attendance on church. The fact is, Mr. Todd's

A FASHIONABLE, but ignorant lady, desirous of purchasing a watch, was shown a very beautiful one, the shop-keeper remarking that it went thirty-six hours, "What, in one day?" she asked.

The Banner of Progress.

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1867.

OFFICE, 523 CLAY STREET, UP STAIRS.

BENJAMIN TODD & CO.
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

BENJAMIN TODD, W. H. MANNING, EDITORS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications designed for publication in this paper should be addressed to "Editors of the Banner of Progress." All letters in regard to the business of the paper should be addressed to "Benjamin Todd & Co."

Are the Tendencies of Spiritualism Immoral?

We come now to consider another objection that is urged against Spiritualism, on the score of immorality, namely, that it "discards religious institutions." We deny that we discard them simply as religious institutions; but it is on account of their falsity, and their inadaptability to the present needs of humanity. Let us notice some of them. The so-called Christian Sabbath we have dwelt upon at some length separately, and will leave it for the present. We will next take up the institution of Church Organization.

Our first objection to this institution is, that it is sectarian. It does not tend to the enlarging and giving a broader scope to man's faculties, but, on the contrary, to stultify and narrow the true and generous impulses of general philanthropy. Its great aim is to support "our" preachers and "our" distinctive church. As men of business, we must give countenance, support, and preference in employment to those of "our" faith, and thus create, and educate the people to, a spirit of rivalry and caste, as bitter and vindictive as that which curses the Hindoo religion, from which so-called Christianity sprang. Again, sectarianism makes its creed a finality, and thus hedges about man's moral, intellectual, and religious nature. It is like the rock-bound shore to the heaving, waving ocean. It says, "Thus far and no farther shalt thou come." No matter how much the soul may desire to soar to loftier heights, and from a more exalted station take a grander survey of his moral and spiritual condition and future prospects, possibilities, and capabilities, yet the creed, as unyielding as iron itself, says no. And therefore the soul must fold its aspiring wing, and be content to hover around the nest in which it was brooded and born. The creed makes no allowances for the organic idiosyncrasies of the individual, or the peculiar circumstances under which he has been educated; but, on the bedstead of iron, if one is too long, he must be cut off—if too short, he must be stretched out. It throws its chain-like bands around the human soul, and rivets every link with fear. A spirit of investigation, to a creed, is the most dangerous enemy of all. It is, to the creed-believer, only another name for INFIDELITY. The creedist brands the God-given light of reason as only an *ignis fatuus*, that is sure to lead us on to destruction. The very inflexibility of religious creeds shows their utter inadaptability to the constantly growing, progressive wants of the human race.

Belief in a creed makes thousands of persons dishonest. For instance, if one feels that he is no longer at home in the Church, and wishes quietly to withdraw, he is not allowed to do it; and if he is finally driven to a peremptory withdrawal, to satisfy his conscientious scruples, the Church throws clubs at him—such as "Backslider!" "Turncoat!" "Infidel!" "Reprobate!" and so on, to the end of the catalogue. How many timid souls, rather than run the gauntlet of the slander-shotted guns of sectarians and creedists, have smothered the inspirations and aspirations of their being, and lived ignoble instead of truthful, honest, and beautiful lives! There are hundreds of persons connected with the churches in this city to-day, who are just as firm believers in the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism as we are at this moment, but dare not, on account of social position or business relations, avow their convictions.

We will here make a few remarks concerning the preaching of the gospel. This is called a Christian institution. To the act we do not object, but to the authority that is claimed for it, namely, that it is especially God-appointed, and hence that the teachings given to the world in this manner are necessarily binding. Would each speaker come before the people, individually responsible for what he might utter, it would, possibly, benefit mankind. But when they claim that "thus saith the Lord," without being able to establish the claim in any manner whatever, we say that the tendencies of such preaching are harmful, and calculated to lead men into error. They do not come like philosophers, and attempt to substantiate their positions by logical argument—by thorough, consecutive reasoning. They do not ask a person to take the matter into consideration—to go down to the bed-rock and see if the foundation is sure. But they come with a book, written by somebody, they do not know who—at some time, they do not know when—at some place, they do not know where; and yet, on the authority of that book, they presume to hold mankind responsible—sending a very small portion of them to heaven, and the majority to a hell of excruciating suffering, eternal in duration. And this authority, on which they predicate their claims and deductions, is not to be questioned in the least particular. If one undertakes to bring science to bear on the subject, and to investigate it thoroughly, they will say that religion is not a science. Make an effort to try it by a philosophical standard, and they will tell you that philosophy has nothing to do with religion. Ask them what its basic principles are, and they so completely enshroud the whole matter with the "mysteries of godliness," that the honest seeker after truth is befogged, and knows not what to do. There is hell staring him in the face on one hand, and a bundle of inconsistencies demanding acceptance on the other. Stultify reason, deny common sense, believe in an utter absurdity—for so it appears to him—or be damned. What manner of good can such preaching do to the world? Can we wonder that persons, when

wrought up to a high pitch of excitement by such preaching, become insane? Let the sanctimonious garb be thrown aside. Let the authoritative pulpit be exchanged for a free rostrum. Let men forsake their dogmatical creeds, and substitute therefor a spirit of free inquiry and thorough investigation, allowing every doctrine to stand upon its intrinsic merits, or fall for its lack of truth, and the world will be the better for it. There is a vast amount of talent among the clergy of our land, and, with well directed effort on their part, the moral and intellectual desert might be made to blossom like the rose.

Brains Wanted!

The little Ishmaelite has raised his puny hand against us again, and tries to pass off its scurrilousity as a good joke; but we can't see it. The *Dramatic Chronicle* says we are the organ of a set of people not particularly favored with brains, and who have not enjoyed the advantages of an education. Dame Nature endows a calf with a large quantity of brains; but it does not follow from this fact that a calf can properly edit the *Chronicle*. The Ishmaelite also says that those who swallow the stuff that fills our columns ought to be placed in Stockton. What particular advantages Stockton possesses in the way of imparting an education we are not informed; but, considering that we have been in the habit of clipping from a half to a whole column of editorial matter from the *Dramatic Chronicle* every week, and publishing the stuff in our paper, the remark of the Ishmaelite strikes us as being peculiarly rich. Either the *Chronicle* editor lacks the ability to write an article that he can afterward approve, or he forgot to except from his sweeping denunciation his own compositions that we have republished, in his haste to say something that should be damaging to us. He can take whichever horn pleases him the most; or he can take some calf by both horns, and set him in the editorial chair of the *Chronicle*, and we will then warrant an improvement in the manners of that paper. Better, bigger, and honester brains would be there, certainly.

We observe that the Ishmaelite also steals our thunder in the matter of Dr. Farniss' discovery of hell, and re-echoes it in its own puny fashion. We like a bold thief; but the *Chronicle* suits us too well. It is too unscrupulous as to whom it attacks—friend or foe. And this quality entitles it to the name we have here given it—the little Ishmaelite.

A Message Department.

A valued and earnest correspondent at Grass Valley writes to learn if there is any possibility of having a Message Department in the BANNER, and offers to contribute liberally toward the expense. With regard to this matter, we would say that there are conflicting opinions among our friends as to the intrinsic value of such a department. Without a medium of a high order of intellect, there is danger of the communications being of so low a grade as to disgust rather than elevate or instruct. This has been the fault of many of the communications through Mrs. Conant; and many people cannot see their utility, and object to such being inserted in the BANNER or PROGRESS. There is no medium here of the kind required, if we should wish to institute such a department in our paper. Mrs. Foye devotes her entire attention to public and private sittings of a different nature. She answers sealed letters, and replies to questions. But she could not be induced to act as a medium for a Message Department. Were Mr. Mansfield here, he would be more profitably employed; for the salary we could afford to pay would not compare at all in amount with his income as a public medium. So that, for the present at least, our friends must be content to do without this feature in the BANNER. Nevertheless, we shall not refuse to publish any genuine spirit communication, intended as a test, which we may receive from any source entitled to credit. On the contrary, we shall be obliged to our friends for any favors of that character they may be pleased to send us. We think we shall be able to discover whether there is sufficient credibility or merit in them to justify their publication.

MISTER EDITORS I don't want you to send your paper to me any more. I take the *Dramatic Chronicle*, which is a good paper and costs nothing, and it says you are nothink but a set of lunatics and ignorant, and nobody would take your paper but those that ready for Stockton and so oblige Yours truly HUGH MAGINNIS.

Had we been aware of Mr. Maginnis' peculiar taste, we surely should not have sent our paper to him; for we now feel that it can do him no good. He lacks brains. The *Dramatic Chronicle* will suit him better. He is welcome to the subscription-money that he has not paid us, for we have not the heart to ask pay from a supporter of such a free paper as the *Chronicle*.

BRO. THOMAS, of the *California Christian Advocate*, has a correspondent at Napa, who, in his report of the late revival in that city, omits one important item, which he must have overlooked, namely, the number of converts that joined the Lunatics' Church at Stockton. The same writer informs Bro. Thomas of the conversion of an individual, and that God had written his name in His book of life. We would like to know how the writer obtained his information. Had he seen the record? Or did God tell him of the fact? Does God use a gold, steel, or old-fashioned quill pen, in writing the record?

At a fashionable church in New York, the contribution-plates are carried round by the young ladies, to the great benefit of the treasury.—*Exchange*.

That is on a par with the employment of "pretty waiter-girls" in the drinking saloons. The principle is the same in both cases. It is an attempt to accomplish by the wiles and smiles of the fair sex what cannot be otherwise effected, namely, the inducing persons of the male persuasion to "fork over" their loose change. It is not the first time the Church has taken a hint from the Devil.

Mrs. FANNY GREEN McDUGAL will lecture at Mrs. Beman's new Hall in Brooklyn, next Sunday, at 11 A. M. Subject: "The Power and Destiny of Woman."

Muscular Christianity at a Premium.

A week ago occurred in the vicinity of this city one of those exhibitions of the beneficial results of Christian civilization, which our "educated" and "refined" editors of the daily press pretend to hold in such holy abhorrence, yet publish every item of information concerning, in their very reposed and polite sheets. We regard these brutal exhibitions as natural results of the materialistic and selfish teachings of the educators of the people, in church, and school, and newspaper. These make the wants of the body and of the present life of paramount importance, and bring every man's capability for supplying those wants into competition with that of every other man. The result is a conflict of interests, and a resort to force and fraud on all sides, in order to overreach each other in obtaining the largest share of the productions of nature and of labor. This conflict produces all the moral disorders of society, all crime, all war among nations. In fact, war on a large scale is fully represented in detail in all the ramifications of society. The competitive industry and business of life encourages the development of the lowest faculties of man, at the expense of the higher. It is no matter for wonder, therefore, that admiration of physical prowess, or the ability to enforce one's desires or purposes as against the wishes of others, should be so universal. The man who can disable another with the least bodily injury to himself is the idol of the unthinking crowd, and is both admired and feared. The editors, reporters, and correspondents of the daily press inveigh against prize-fighting, yet go and gather the particulars of every fight for publication—thus acknowledging one of two things, or both, namely, either that their disapproval is all a sham, or that avarice is a more powerful incentive to them than a sense of right. Ministers preach against the practice, yet the members of their congregations are seen on the ground, and are afterward found contributing a purse to reward the victor. All this hypocrisy shows very plainly, not only that the right is known and recognized, but that it has very few real adherents. It is evident that muscle is still in the ascendant, and that intellect and heart must continue to hold an humble position in the public estimation for some time to come, or at least until a better civilization shall prevail than Christianity has given us.

A GOOD MAN DEPARTED.—Dr. Benjamin B. Coit, a pioneer of '49, residing in this city, departed this life on Tuesday last, at the age of sixty-six. He was indeed a good and true man—a philanthropist in faith and in works. No poor sufferer ever required his services who did not find him ready, without fee or reward, to bestow the same amount of skill and attention as would have been devoted to the wealthy. His genial smile and kind-hearted conversation will be much missed among a host of friends. His religious sentiments were as liberal as his benevolence. Although officious friends will have his funeral service in a Presbyterian church, yet we know, that like Humboldt, Theodore Parker, John Pierpont, and other of the world's benefactors, his heart was too large to be hedged about by the selfish boundaries of a creed. He neither believed in nor subscribed to any. He was simply and truly and innately good. Nothing contained in a creed could have made him better. Though sudden, his departure was as peaceful as had been his life. He has left a wife and children, who reside in Connecticut, except a son who is in Arizona.

NOT SUPERNATURALISTS.—The *Sunday Mercury* is pleased to style all who think as we do, upon religious matters, "Supernaturalists." We are not. Nothing can be farther from the truth. We do not believe that anything can be supernatural. To us, all things are natural. Spiritual things are just as natural as physical things. The application of such terms to us and our faith only shows ignorance in regard to the real character of our philosophy. The time is coming when the "supernatural" will be spoken of only by natural fools. Let the *Mercury* hasten its steps, or it will be left in that category.

We have for many years been convinced of the fact, that the clergy generally do not believe one-half of the Bible, nor the doctrines which they preach. And we found another witness to the fact, while reading the Napa correspondence of the *Christian Advocate* of last week, written by the Methodist clergyman of Napa City. Let us call the attention of that Rev. gentleman (?) to the following text: "And all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone."

THE DAILY AMERICAN FLAG made its reappearance on Thursday morning last, and as bright as a new pin. It is printed on new type, and is about the size of the *Call*. It bears the name of the indomitable D. O. McCarthy as editor and proprietor. The big dailies will have to stand around again, for be assured there will be no child's play about this new enterprise. The price is 12½ cents per week, and \$5.00 per year.

BULL-DOGS AND BRAINS.—The *Dramatic Chronicle*, in its intense admiration of people with brains, issued an extra containing a flaming account of the brutal prize-fight, with every disgusting feature particularly described. What a nice thing it is to possess "the advantages of an education"! It enables one to so much better appreciate all the moral, intellectual, and artistic beauties of prize-fighting!

The *Sunday Mercury* says, if any clergyman should accept the challenge of Mr. Todd, "he (the clergyman) would make himself religiously ridiculous." We have no doubt of it. That is what clergymen are doing all the time by their preaching. In the light of reason and common sense, it is the position they always occupy.

The *Oakland News* says: "The Rev. Mr. Earle has created a revival of religion at Placerville." So, after God had waited for Earle to come to Marysville, He abdicated entirely at Placerville, and allowed the Rev. Earle to become the great Creator!

DR. R. McLEAN is requested to call at this office, and settle his bill for advertising.

God Waiting for Earle to Come.

We clip the following from the "Editorial Correspondence" of the *Pacific*, the Presbyterian organ of this city:

"Our visit this year by Marysville, Oroville, and Chico, up the Sacramento to Red Bluffs, was a little too early for us to speak of the rich religious work in the first place, in connection with the evangelizing labors of the Rev. Mr. Earle. Could we have been later, we should have chosen to fill a column with the account of that work. As it was, the churches in Marysville had been earnest in effort and in prayer—holding continuous meetings every noon and evening for seven weeks, in view of the necessity of the blessing of God upon them, and in the belief that that blessing would be granted when Mr. Earle should come. We attended those meetings while there, and were witness to the spirit of supplication at the throne of grace, which seemed as if they could not be denied. The blessing did come, and Marysville partook largely of the converting grace of God in all her churches."

Note the italics, which are ours. We wish to impress upon the reader's mind that these few emphasized words contain the gist of all we have contended for in this paper in regard to the revivals; namely, that they are wholly the work of man, and in no sense the work of God. Just look at the absurdity of this idea that the God of the Universe should defer so important a work as the saving of souls from his own wrath until Mr. Earle could make it convenient to come to Marysville and initiate the movement! He could not raise up any other evangelist in all California, and so had to wait for the imported one to arrive before His work could begin. No other man could be the vehicle of blessings but Mr. Earle. It was Mr. Earle, first, last, and all the time, who was the necessary spoke in the wheel—in fact, he was the hub itself and all the spokes. The fellows were the poor dupes who were carried round with the revolutions of the hub, and couldn't help it. Being psychologized and dizzied by looking so long and so intently at the central figure—Mr. Earle—and their bewildered brain being caught in the whirl, they must necessarily revolve in the charmed circle thus formed, and cease to be masters of their own movements, obeying the superior will of the operator. Dr. Benton could illustrate the operation of getting up a revival in his Psychological Lectures at Congress Hall, if he were not afraid of offending the prejudices of his auditory. It would be an instructive and conclusive experiment, showing the power which one mind can exercise over others. Such an exhibition would draw crowded houses, and in the commercial sense, would pay. We would advertise the exhibition gratis, and go ourselves to see it.

A WESTERN PAPER suggests, as an improvement in Bibles, the preparation of a leaf or two in the "Family Record," for divorce.

The "Record" might also be enlivened by an epitome of the earthly career of each member of the family; for instance, a brief account might be given of some who had been hung or imprisoned for crime, and of others who deserved to be, and so on, until one could have in his Bible a complete history of not only "God's chosen people," but also of his own immediate relatives. Something must be done to induce people to look into their Bibles, or the "Book of Books" will become obsolete.

HUMAN SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.—The following is a loud call to the unconverted liquor-drinker and tobacco-smoker. An Indianapolis dispatch, of a late date, gives this marvelous story:

A well authenticated case of spontaneous combustion occurred in Columbus, 40 miles south of this city, yesterday morning. Andrew N. Gentry, a German, very intemperate in his habits, was found dead in his shop, his lips being entirely burned away, leaving a ghastly hole, and his tongue charred to a crisp. His nose was also burned, and by fire coming from his nostrils, and his clothes were still burning when found. No other part of the body, save the air passages, was burned. Physicians who examined the body pronounced it a clear case of spontaneous combustion. It is supposed that the fire was communicated by attempting to light a cigar.

It is a burning shame to us as a people [Disciples or Campbellites] that we have not a house of worship in that great city [Sacramento] where its inhabitants might hear the Gospel in its primitive purity.—*Gospel Herald*, April 10th.

Is it possible there is no place in Sacramento where the Gospel is preached in its "primitive purity." What on earth have the Revs. Briggs and Dwinell and Benton been about all these years? Where is Gov. Low, and the *Sacramento Union*, and the Supreme Court, that they should allow such a condition of things? "This," continues the *Herald*, "is one of the finest fields for missionary labor known to us." Well, now, we had no idea that Sacramento was such a heathenish place.—*San Jose Mercury*.

CHURCH GAMBLING.—The Grand Jury of Itasca, New York, recently had under consideration the question of indicting the ladies of two of the churches of the city, "for being engaged in getting up and carrying on lotteries, connected with the fairs held by them in the churches." The indictment was not made, though the parties interested were well frightened. It is not easy to see, however, why persons gambling under the cloak of religion should not be held to answer just as well as those who make no pretense to cover their crimes. Unquestionably, the lotteries connected in connection with church fairs have contributed more than any other one cause to encourage the present widespread mania to engage in lottery speculations.—*Cal. Christian Advocate*.

WOMEN AS DOCTORS.—We learn from an Eastern paper that the New York Medical College for Women, which held its fourth commencement recently, graduated nine ladies as doctors. Prof. Willis, in his remarks, said there are three hundred female medical practitioners in the country, some of whom were in possession of practices worth from \$10,000 to \$20,000 a year, and expressed sound doctrine when he said that all he wanted was "a fair opportunity to be given to women to become whatever they wished. Let that opportunity be accorded them, and they would hear no more of the question whether women knew more or less than men."—*San Jose Mercury*.

SABBATOMANIA.—Chief of Police Crowley has issued an order forbidding ball-playing within the city limits on Sundays. Now let him forbid the sun shining and water running "within the city limits" on Sundays, and we think, the Sabbatarians ought to be satisfied. There seem to be no "limits," however, to their superstitious desire to suppress everything but church-going and sermonizing.

SERGEANT BOSTON CORBETT, who shot the assassin Booth, is at Orient, L. I., where he is an active participant in a religious revival there.

He should be in better business, say we.

A. G. Cox, of this county, who became insane under the preaching of Rev. Mr. Earle, during the recent religious revival in this city, died last week at the State Insane Asylum.—*San Jose Mercury*.

"EVANGELICAL DRAWING-ROOMS" are the novelty in London this season. The next thing, we suppose, will be the Ritualistic soirees.

PHENOMENAL FACTS.

Writing Mediumship.

We publish the remainder of the examples of spirit communication by writing, through the mediumship of Mrs. Conant, commenced in the last number:

Once again I descend from my home of light, to give you another ray from the unceasing fountain of light, which is found in the spirit's home. You will recollect that I have given you twenty years of my life in the spirit world, and there remains six and a half to conclude. As my twenty-first year was ushered in, so was the star of modern Spiritualism; and many, many angels watched its progress with great interest. At first, it was a star of small magnitude, but, at the time I write, it shoots across the sky of mortal vision in all its splendor. During my twenty-first year, I, with many of my sphere and many of the spheres above, and many of the spheres below, were engaged in going to and from earth, bearing rays from the star that had its birth in the world of spirits, that the earth's plane might become a plane of light. My twenty-second year was passed in learning how to apply the electrical or spiritual fluid to the animal or magnetic fluid found in mortal forms; a greater quantity of the former being always found in mediums, thereby forming a powerful telegraphic battery between earth and the spirit world. Spirits of all classes are engaged in working at this battery. And it is alike vain and unjust for mortals to suppose that spirits of a higher order may or should always return and commune with them in preference to those who are low and undeveloped; for the tiny spark of Deity that abideth in hell, or the lowest spheres, must and will return to its own, the Deity, in the higher spheres. Therefore learn, O mortals! not to cast aside the Deity in the lower spheres, but rather assist Him to meet His own in the elements of love and wisdom in the higher spheres. Adieu for this time. Gems from the Grotto of Light.

LIGHT, A SON.

Again I enter at the open door between the material and the spiritual world, to commune with my earth-mother; and again the angel band to which I belong are chanting anthems at my rapid progress. Twenty-two years of my spirit life have been borne along on the waves of time, and yet an endless eternity is before me. I will now give you an account of my twenty-third and twenty-fourth years. My twenty-third year was passed in experimenting upon the three elements that govern the spiritual and material world—namely, the spiritual, electrical, and magnetic; and, after becoming fully acquainted with the language of each, I was permitted, by my guides or teachers, to apply these elements to the spiritual, electrical, and magnetic battery—the medium. My first subject was found, by me, in the south of France—a lad of ten years, through whom I gave frequent manifestations, the nature of which I will instruct you further upon hereafter. After manifesting through him nearly one year of your time, I came hither and sought to commune with my earth-parents, but found I had not acquired sufficient practice to insure success with the mediums of your cold northern climes. I, therefore, returned to my child of ten years to gain more practical knowledge by frequent manifestation. At the commencement of my twenty-fourth year, I again returned to earth to commune, if possible, with my parents, but again I found a barrier. Methinks I can read these words upon the page of your mind, "What was it?" O, it was the bigotry and grossness of my parents! I could approach them, but could not commune; I therefore passed the remaining part of the year in striving to dispel the dark clouds of bigotry and gross materialism that hung so long over my parents. I could not approach near enough to act myself, and therefore was obliged to send many who were beneath me to prepare the way for me; and O, what rapture was mine when I beheld the star of modern Spiritualism rising in modest beauty over the hearts of my parents! Adieu!

LIGHT.

MY MOTHER, MY MOTHER! Again I descend to commune with you. I have already given you twenty-four years of my spirit life, and there remains a little to conclude, or rather to reach the present time. Yes; the star of Spiritualism is abiding with you, and by its rays you see, you hear, you believe, you know and worship God. My twenty-fifth year was lost in a wilderness of delight that seemed flooding the spheres beyond earth. At one moment I might be found on earth at the side of suffering forms, trying to minister to their wants, and at the next high in the spheres to gain, if possible, a balm for the wounded ones of earth. Yes, yes! many were wounded by the rays of light, and the only balm was knowledge—more knowledge. So passed my twenty-fifth and so commenced my twenty-sixth year. My whole time was occupied in assisting to raise the veil, which, for ages, had hung like a sombre pall between earth and the spirit world, that mortals might gaze upon the beauty of the spirit's home and not be dazzled with its splendor. The remaining part of the year was passed in teaching my earth-parents their duty to themselves, their fellow-men, and last, but best of all, their God. I was often with you at night, my mother, and when your body was at rest, your spirit would commune with me; and often, as you went forth to plant the seed of spirit light in mortal minds, I would follow and water it, that it might grow and become a tree of knowledge, where there was once nothing but gnarled and tangled roots of blighted hopes, which were founded upon bigotry and superstition, and from which they could not receive sufficient to sustain the spirit, which will not always be put off with false and decaying fruits, when the fruits of the tree of eternal life are so near at hand.

LIGHT, A SON.

MORE legitimate children are born in Scotland annually, in proportion to the number of married couples, than in England. This speaks well for the fertility of the Scottish race. To produce one hundred children, annually, forty-four more wives are required in England than in Scotland. These facts were gleaned from the Registrar-General's Report of Births, Deaths, and Marriages, for the year 1863.

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